

THROUGH WHICH TO SEE

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AS I SIT DOWN, THIS MORNING, TO
look within the surface of this word
processor screen, *I'm going to start with
the first thoughts that come to mind.* The
morning light coming in through the open
blinds of this bedroom window is, *by far*

the most interesting part of this room, if you ask me. I've had a bite to eat, and some percolated coffee, and I'm sitting on this low bed, collecting some thoughts into this word processor. *Any new move is stressful, and the first few settling in weeks are usually bewildering.* But, from appearances, I'm making the adjustment, and doing well... these words are coming, slowly but surely, and meanwhile, I'm accomplishing my weeks clothes washing. I'm also watching my videos shuffling on this computer beside my bed... and this is always a pleasure, especially when I've got new work circulating. So, the day looks

like it contains abundant promise, and this gradual writing is all the encouragement I need. Later in the evening, I sit in bed, and brainstorm over this new article... in hopes of getting it further along into its completion. The bliss, of this early October evening is intoxicating, and I'm just dreaming of the world beyond my door, and of this wonderful kind of return, in my life, to the town of my childhood; I'm definitely appreciating some of the familiar, long forgotten feelings, and moods, *of this approximate place of my beginning*. I didn't really think that I would find myself back here, but am glad

and relieved, that the previous troubles have worked themselves out, and I can now see and feel and experience these things as they really are... *from an more experienced perspective... familiar with the ranges of the world wide web... and socialized into my own social consciousness.* Today, I've somewhat gotten settled in much better, and am beginning to think of possibilities... of this new space, and what I can do with it. I'm awake to the wash of feelings, which arise as I think of future goals met. *I lived so long in residences where my needs for a space of privacy, and an amount of seclusion simply weren't met.*

So, I'm definitely liking this time, presently. So much of my work has gone out into the world, by now, *that the feelings of facing limitations, and the constraints of narrowness are nearly all gone.* The sounds of chirping frogs and crickets coming through the window into my ears lets me know, that the night is fine, and that things are as they should be. At any rate, it's the next evening, and I've gotten some piano work done, and had a meal, and am going to try and write some more, while my meal digests. The interesting thing about this writing progress, is that, *it can come as gradually*

as it wants to... a slow, incremental method of composition is completely fine. It can just require a 'leap of faith,' to stow it away, knowing that ideas might come only at a slower pace, but they most definitely will come... just maybe not all in one session. I've been hearing the birds chirping outside my window, as well, this week, and more than once, *have felt that they are a reminder of the interconnected fabric of life all around this home... one would want to stay in tune with this local fabric... and not presume to be separate from, or disconnected.* At any rate, these thoughts are in my mind now. Recording

oneself, on a musical instrument, and self publishing, just as in numerous other similar paths, such as visual art, and other kinds of craft work, like pottery, or rubber stamping, *and keeping journals and writing, in general, many others... is sometimes somewhat lonely work.* **A kind of an invisible shift takes place within the artist... his piece has taken a 'high pedestal,' and there is a subtle identity change, within him, and his world... such takes on a 'voice,' and 'speaks.'** Since time began, mankind has been making marks on lasting media... such as in stone carving, or writing, and antler, tusk, and

bone carving. Interacting, then, with a far more vast sweep of time, a vaster scale of time, his mind seems thrown into a tumultuous 'journey,' *and he travels, mentally, to places others seldom go.* I used to let myself get somewhat wiped out by these types of experiences... *but I've learned to see them as 'facets of a whole.'* If you're going to send out classic artistic expression, into the wide world, then you can just expect to have to pay some dues... *each show has its own share of doubt, and diss chord. But, when you can rest in a kind of a modicum of class and definite stylistic identity, you'll see, if you put your*

best into a thing, it will have certain readers and listeners. At any rate, it sure feels good beneath this warm blanket this evening in early October, this year. **Say, you have good days, and bad days.** You can really know that the presence of Eternity lingers just behind every exchange, or partnering... you or I don't have to even think about it, for the most part... the peace and well being of Heaven is just behind every new morning... *whether we wish for it to be, or not.* At any rate, I wish for yourself that you find a portion of the nurturing, and reassurance which I've myself found. Does that make

any sense to my reader? I've had roommates, through the years, some of whom used to pray, beside their bed, on their knees, every night. *Such is the attitude, for our creator, which this modern life tends to build in us.* It's like, you and I should see how vast the difference between 'eh,' and 'oh...' sometimes is enormous, just by a cats whisker; *who can really do less than thank, and praise the Lord, for all he has surely done? If you're reading this, then wouldn't it stand to reason, that you've survived another day and night, and can easily find resource in a notion like this one?* Perhaps, it's Theosophy which

really understands, and can see, the challenges faced by this ever changing planet, *to both be 'authentic,' and to stand up always for peace and brotherhood, and sisterhood.* I may have come a long way in my writing, but I should definitely see, ultimately, *it's the unity, of all faiths, and paths, which will continue to work and voice tirelessly on behalf of the innocent, in the world.* Pride and haughtiness is the enemy, (I just wouldn't necessarily say that to you, when your heart is hurting so bad...) *but instead remember to stay squarely in my own bracket, or genre, as a peace loving interfaith writer.* This is what

my most decent spirit would say, (as if saying a thing would necessarily make it so.) *But, saying nevertheless.* I'm quite dim witted... I've learned this much through the years... *I'm as weak, and inept as a rag doll, unless and until the good Spirit inside my life makes me bright, or useful, or meaningful for someone who might have needed just that thing, given through the Spirit.* So, these are some thoughts, this morning. Written scripture, always creates superstition... but it wouldn't exist, that way, if it weren't for the invention of the printing press. Don't let your scripture be a fass sod for you to cloak your huge ego

behind... *we should always broker for peace... always, if we're given the choice.*

This is how I think we should live our lives. Meanwhile, your heart is so sore, you've lost your son or daughter to violence, or criminality, and you want to find justice for that child, *and you might want to, for starters, imprison the guilty parties, destroy them entirely.* So, and we all have to get along on this overcrowded planet, or face our own ostracism. At any rate, my world, my life, and everything in my life tells me to be humble, and submissive... *but I can tell you, that when I've got means, I will take the reins in my*

life, in small ways, and direct my own life, according to the Spirit inside of me, the One who brought me into this world. And this twenty first century world, has means for empowering the individual, and ways the underdog can still find fulfillment. I should know to allow, and follow, these good ideas, and not discard them along the way. Years from now, you'll want to see what your Spirit Eternal was telling you, and yours, in those days. And so, I would encourage you, if you've been told you're too small, or your views are too insignificant, or you're too poor... a poor person can learn how to hustle, and earn

him a little money... because it doesn't take much to have a course of writing, like I do.

At the very least, the littlest and weakest should know, how in America, there is Government assistance, and if we've paid our taxes through the years, then this qualifies us for disability insurance benefits. *There is help and assistance, not only from the Social Security Administration, which was started by Franklin Roosevelt in nineteen thirty five, to provide insurance for people, respective to how they've worked and paid taxes, but from other, numerous, community relief programs, such as the Salvation Army, and*

the Young Men's Christian Associations. There are soup kitchens, and many churches provide such help, during the arduous week, one good meal might just save your life. *Well, these have been a few thoughts.* I'll wrap them up, and add them in with the others, now. All for now, Greg.